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of all industries, a national industrial parliament, the voice of which he thinks would be so potent that its recommendations and requests could not be lightly treated. He is not so optimistic, however, as to expect that this council would settle every dispute and prevent all strikes. So he would have some of the machinery and some of the compulsory force of the Selective Draft adopted, in local boards clothed with full power to investigate, to prescribe settlements, and to use at least the full weight of their influence as the representative of the general public to make the prescriptions effective. This would provide a nucleus and a leadership for precisely such an assertion of public sentiment and of public action as proved so decisive in the recent "outlaw" strikes. We should add that General Crowder would apply the same principle to the control of "big business" in the trusts that he would to the demands of labor unions.

It is this intensely practical application of the lessons of the narrative which gives the volume its supreme value. It may be that some of its propositions are more ingenious than practicable, though it would not be easy to point them out. It may be that the writer is over-hopeful of the success of some of his plans, though he maintains generally an admirable tone of moderation. It is certain that he has, in a broad and patriotic spirit, presented most lucidly what he esteems to be the lesson of one of the greatest administrative achievements in the history of our Government, all of which he saw and a large part of which he was, and thus has given to the public a book filled from beginning to end with instruction and with suggestion of exceptional value.

WITH THE WITS: Shelburne Essays, Tenth Series. By Paul Elmer More. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Criticism is a sort of half-philosophy—a constructive and persuasive commentary upon books and life, in which reference is made to premises often not fully or precisely stated; the point of view shifting from ethical to esthetic, and from historic to psychological. In the end, the highest praise that most critics can merit is to be thoroughly rational and human, to be well-balanced and sympathetic—to make, as the Eighteenth Century phrased the thought, "just" observations.

In his book, *The Drift of Romanticism*, Mr. More stated his premises frankly and explicitly. The "definitions of dualism" apply, of course more directly to life than to literature; but they apply to literature. The general principle of criticism that emerges from Mr. More's discussion of Romanticism, and less regularly from his less systematic essays, such as those in the present volume, *With the Wits*, is that literary enjoyment at its height is no less moral than intellectual: it implies "understanding," "insight," "intuition" *plus* the free play of feeling and imagination.

This conception is probably sound—at all events it may save a person from some bad influences and from many egregious follies and fads without necessarily making a prig of him. It is not, however—and doubtless is not intended to be—a principle on which to base a definition of art or literature. A satisfactory definition of art, or of literature as an art, no man has framed. The only way in which va-

rious attempts to define art or literature hold together is in recognizing that all art gives a certain kind of enjoyment, felt to be harmless or beneficial, that is different from the effect of the corresponding experiences in life. Every imaginative child who reads fairy tales knows that there is a delight in reading about things that is quite different from the delight of doing them or being them.

In short, the extent to which an appreciative reader in reading a work of the imagination abstracts from the content is quite wonderful, and that critic who said that "Mr. Horner" in *A Country Wife* is not immoral because Mr. Horner is, in effect "all moonshine" and was never intended to be anything else was partially justified. The pleasure given by literary art is unique and not easy to account for. The apt expression of a thing seems in many instances to be the main factor—this rather than the thing expressed. Otherwise there is really no explaining the labor bestowed upon art, and the naïve acceptance of its value, from the prehistoric times when the cave man laboriously scratched an excellent engraving of a horse upon a marrow bone and listened to stories of gods and animals before the fire at night, to the days of Whistler and Henry James. Nor have the estheticians who have essayed to reduce the spell of art to principles of form, or the psychological critics who would explain our enjoyment of Falstaff or Benvenuto Cellini as the result of releasing a suppressed wish in a harmless channel altogether convinced us.

Of course, "moral intuition" as the most important element in life must be recognized as affecting any art that deals with life. When literature advocates something either openly or covertly, the criticism of its ideas is a high function. The Romanticists conducted a sort of subtle propaganda, and the decadents are always playing up their defects as virtues. Such pretensions need to be analyzed, and no one has done this better than Mr. More in *The Drift of Romanticism*; yet admirers of Walter Pater, whose philosophy Mr. More has effectively attacked, have been known to raise their brows in some surprise to inquire whether Pater had any philosophy. Only half-educated people, as a rule, worry much over the philosophy of Omar Khayyam. In short, art, with its peculiar power of abstraction, is in itself a healthy thing, and the critic who lays too much stress upon the moral element may be found occasionally "barking up the wrong tree."

Though so rude a suggestion hardly fits the case of Mr. More, one may fairly point out to readers who are captivated by his persuasiveness and his authority, that the principle which he applies most often is just one of the many tests that may be applied in the complex business of literary criticism. It is of great value in those cases to which it is applicable; but in many cases what one really wants of the critic is an a-moral account of things, an analysis or exposition of the mysteries of the "literary sense." Mr. More's critical principle must take its chances with other and competing principles. It must be judged by its usefulness in practice; it must be judged by its fruits. In point of fact, the results in the volume under consideration, are somewhat uneven. Sometimes the author seems to be trying to make more of his ethical point of view than can well be made of it; in such cases he seems, if not by any means one-idea-ed, still a little unsatisfactory—

even impotent. At other times, when his criticism has to be mainly historical and psychological, one may feel a certain lack of zest. The accounts for example, of Aphra Behn, of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and of the Duke of Wharton—in all of which the main object is to give the proper life-setting—are, though accurate and judicious, somewhat lacking in that richness of sympathy and suggestion which can make literary criticism in some few cases of more value than the literature criticized. In still other cases Dr. More's point of view exactly fits his theme, and the results are strongly illuminating.

Perhaps a good deal of undeserved panegyric has been poured out upon the minor Elizabethans, by Swinburne and others: yet it does not seem that any sufficient object is gained by dwelling heavily upon the moral confusion that reigns in the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher. "If we are to criticize honestly," writes Mr. More, "and are to avoid blurring the fine distinctions in artistic enjoyment, we should not forget to weigh against such riches of entertainment the deep-lying fault which prevents this drama from taking a place beside the more fully satisfying productions of art. And, in a longer view, we should remember that, as the wit of our twin dramatists passed by a slight change into that of the restoration, so their use of the passions and emotions is one of the important sources of the romantic vein in later English literature." This is placing a heavy weight of responsibility upon the authors of *The Maids Tragedy* and *Philaster*. On the other hand, a real question would seem to be how it is that we lost the attitude that made possible the enjoyment of such plays in which moral confusion is too obvious to raise any question concerning itself, and, besides losing the capacity to enjoy drama in which the characters as moral beings are "all moonshine," became addicted to the subtle and insinuating, the melancholy and distressing unmorality of the later Romanticists and decadents.

Again, to say of Gray that "the very omissions in his self-portraiture, the very failure to carry any of his intellectual and emotional tendencies to their complete expression, may be regarded not as a weakness, but as a mark of the restraint and clarity which were the positive characteristics of the Eighteenth Century," seems rather futile. The moral significance of Gray's life and work is, indeed, rather hard to find, and restraint and clarity, it is only too clear, may not save a man from an *ennui* that is almost as bad as the romantic malady that Mr. More has so brilliantly diagnosed in other writers.

Of Swift and Pope, however, Mr. More writes with much profit to the reader. Although he confesses inability to find the secret of Swift's personality—"I thought to explore the man's soul," he says, "but my little lamp of criticism was extinguished in the heavy air of that cavern"—the account he gives of this great man who hated the human race while he loved individual men, is just and considerate—an effective exposition of greatness, free from the errors of sentiment and of the pertness of professional character analysis and retrospective fortune-telling. As much may be said for the essay on Pope, which enables one to appreciate the real greatness of the man, not only as the much patronized author of *The Rape of the Lock*, but as what he undoubtedly was—one of the greatest of satirists. To induce readers

to look clear beyond the usual criticisms of Pope—the prose brilliancies, the philosophical superficialities, and all that, and to find his real worth is no small achievement.

THE CAREER OF LEONARD WOOD. By Joseph Hamblen Sears. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Mr. Sears has written an excellent, straightforward account of his subject—an account not too eulogistic to be convincing; neither so heavy as a sketch from a biographical dictionary, nor so *ex parte* as a campaign document. The author does not speak of Wood as if this well-deserving soldier and citizen were a Washington or a Lincoln; yet he does successfully emphasize solid achievements and strong traits traditionally American—sterling character, a large and realistic grasp of situations; above all, that ability to get big things done without fuss, lacking which, high character has merely an exemplary value.

Leonard Wood was born in the little town of Winchester, New Hampshire, on October 9, 1860. His early years were spent on Cape Cod, the physical conformation of which, suggesting “a doubled-up arm with a clenched fist,” the biographer quaintly imagines to be a symbol of Leonard Wood’s character. Whatever may be the significance of Cape Cod, rugged strength of character seems to have been an endowment of Wood’s from his youth up.

After graduating from Harvard Medical School in 1884, he spent the usual period of probation as an intern in a hospital, and then began practicing in Boston. But he wanted action, and he craved an outdoor life. Thus when the opportunity came to him to enter the army as a surgeon, he readily embraced it. He was first ordered to duty at Fort Warren in Boston Harbor, but he remained at this post only a few days. In June, 1885, in response to his own request for “action,” he was ordered to Arizona to report to General Crook on the Mexican border near Fort Huachuca.

In the last of the Indian fighting, the campaign against the Apaches under Geronimo, the young Army Surgeon distinguished himself for fighting qualities and for leadership. Years later he was awarded for his Indian work the Congressional Medal of Honor—a rare and much-coveted prize. More precious still was the consciousness that he had won the genuine respect of all the real men with whom he had associated in the army.

In 1895 Wood was ordered to Washington to become Assistant Attending Surgeon. In this capacity, he became the personal friend of both Cleveland and McKinley. In 1896 he was introduced to Theodore Roosevelt, and the friendship between these two men, who were in many respects vitally alike, lasted without a break until Roosevelt’s death. Wood and Roosevelt agreed upon the necessity of military preparedness, and upon the moral obligation of this country to intervene in behalf of Cuba. “Have you and Theodore declared war yet?” President McKinley would inquire in the days before the war with Spain. And the reply would be, “No, we think you ought to, Mr. President.”